

# A Small Probability

by jedikhaleesi

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Summary: Characters from several fandoms (Percy Jackson, Harry Potter, Game of Thrones, How To Train Your Dragon, Star Wars, and Hunger Games) combine in a twist on the 75th Hunger Games. Who will win? Rated T because it's the Hunger Games, and it can be quite grisly. Titled "A Small Probability" because there's a small probability your favorite character will win. On hiatus.

## 1. Chapter 1: Reapings

**\*\*Chapter 1: Reapings\*\***

**\*\* I don't own any of the characters I'm using from Hunger Games, Harry Potter, Star Wars, Percy Jackson, Game of Thrones, or How to Train Your Dragon. But why would anyone sue me? This is obviously just a little harmless fanfic.\*\***

**\*\* Also, just assume that none of the tributes of the 74th Games actually participated in those Games. And just assume that anyone of any age can be picked. And this is just the beginning.\*\***

**\*\*And bear with me for the following scene. It'll all tie in later.\*\***

Uncle Luke grinned at Jaina as they sat down together at the dining table. "Did you like the tour of the old Temple?"

She smiled back at her uncle. "Yeah, that was awesome. But I didn't see any of those holodisks you were talking about."

"Oh, those are in hidden places," he said secretively. "You have to reach out to the Force to find them. The Old Jedi Order had the skills to hide them in places you can't see."

"Then how'd they get themselves killed?" Her dad asked, sliding a bowl of soup across the table to her uncle.

Luke glared at him, then continued to Jaina, "They couldn't just leave the holodisks and holocrons in obvious places. The stormtroopers and Darth Vader would get to them. So the Jedi stuffed them in unnoticeable cracks, under floorboards, anywhere they didn't think anyone would find them..."

OooOooO

The replay of the Quarter Quell announcement began as everyone stood nervously at the reaping areas.

"Every twenty-five years, there is a Quarter Quell, a twist on our lovely Hunger Games to remind the rebels of what they have done," President Snow continued.

Katniss' face twisted as she stood in the reaping areas. \_Gee, thanks Snow. I really didn't know that.\_

"And this year, the third Quarter Quell says...

We shall have people from many different places, trained in different things."

That much was obvious. What was the twist supposed to be?

"In a change from regular tradition," Effie Trinket announced, dressed in a bright orange that hurt Katniss' eyes, "we will watch the other reapings first before going to our own!"

Well. That was surprising.

"Let us watch the reapings!" She said, turning her hand dramatically toward the screen.

"From Westeros!" a man in green announced. Katniss automatically decided to call him Green Man. "Our female tribute is Daenerys Targaryen!"

A picture of a young, scared-looking girl with silky silvery-gold hair and intense violet eyes flashed on the screen. She looked to be about fourteen, a little over Prim's age.

\_I haven't seen someone like that before\_, Katniss thought.  
\_Interesting.\_

"And our male tribute is Jon Snow!"

Another picture. This time it was a young man with dark hair and eyes, about the same age as the girl.

"And now to Coruscant! Here we have three tributes, two male and one female!" Green Man said, grinning sadistically.

"Please applaud for Ahsoka Tano!"

The picture showed, and Katniss pinched herself to check if she was dreaming.

She wasn't. The fifteen-year-old girl had red skin and two white-

and- blue- striped things on her head that went down to her chest, and big, wide blue eyes filled with innocence.

Katniss took the innocence part back, noting a strange gold headdress on top of the girl's striped things- it seemed to be made of teeth. Pointy teeth. \_You never know. Maybe she could kill me in a heartbeat.\_

"And on to our male tributes! They are Anakin Skywalker and Obi-Wan Kenobi!"

Two separate pictures of fifteen-year-old boys flashed onto the screen. The one on the left was dressed in gray and brown, with auburn hair cropped short with a braid on the side and blue-gray eyes. The one on the right was dressed in black, his blond hair the same as the other boy's and possessing bright blue eyes.

\_Now you can tell those two are dangerous.\_

"Now to Yavin 4!" the man exclaimed.

\_I've never heard of any of these places before,\_ Katniss thought with trepidation. \_If I get reaped, I don't think I'm going to make it. That Daenerys could probably sink five knives into me and I wouldn't know it.\_

"We have three tributes from here again," the man said happily. "They're a trio of brothers and a sister, so I'll announce them all at once. Please raise your hands for Jacen, Jaina, and Anakin Solo!"

A picture appeared on the screen. A boy and a girl, obviously twins, were dark-haired and dark-eyed, arms over each other's shoulders. The boy next to them looked the same, but with piercing icy blue eyes. All three were smiling happily.

\_Totally unaware of their fates,\_ Katniss thought sadly. \_They'll die in a heartbeat. People who smile like that are too trusting.\_

"All right. Now on to New York City! There are four tributes here, two boys and two girls.

"Our female tributes are Piper McLean and Annabeth Chase!"

A picture of a brown-haired, absolutely gorgeous girl appeared on the screen. Her only flaw was a terrible haircut.

\_She's gonna get a lot of sponsors after the Capitol fixes her hair.\_

Then a picture of a still-beautiful blonde with light gray eyes came on. The girl wore a deadly smirk.

\_If she keeps wearing that smirk, she's going to get more sponsors than that Piper girl.\_

"Our male tributes are Leo Valdez and Percy Jackson!"

A picture came on of a short teen with a mischievous expression and curly, dark hair, followed by a snapshot of a handsome teen with

green eyes and black hair.

"We have two tributes from California!" Green Man shouted. "Our female tribute is Hazel Levesque!"

The screen showed a dark-skinned girl with dark hair and golden eyes.

"Our male tribute is Jason Grace!"

Here came a muscled teen with blond hair and blue eyes.

\_He won't fall fast. He's gonna get sponsors for his muscle and his good looks,\_ Katniss thought.

"Let us proceed now to Berk!" the green man said. "Here we have three tributes again, like with Yavin 4 and Coruscant!"

"The two female tributes are Astrid Hofferson and Ruffnut Adalard!"  
\*\*(Adalard means "brave" in German.)\*\*

Two blond girls appeared on screen, side by side. The taller one wore a blue top and a studded skirt, her hair brushed back into a braid as she leaned on an axe. The shorter one wore a fur vest and leggings, and a hat with horns sticking out on the sides.

\_Strange.\_

"Our male tribute is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third!" Green Man announced, slightly out of breath from such a long name.

\_That is probably one of the stupidest names I have ever heard,\_  
\_Katniss thought\_.\_

"And our final special Quarter Quell tributes come from Britain!" Green Man shouted. "I present to you Harry Potter and Hermione Granger!"

Two pictures flashed side by side. One was a teen with glasses that were practically covered in some slightly translucent white thing, with dark hair and green eyes, just like the Percy Jackson boy. The other was a girl with bushy hair but an intelligent face.

The screen turned dark, and Effie bounced back onto the stage, grinning again. "Now to our own tributes! We have determined these from the districts beforehand, and no volunteers allowed this year!"

\_I would've thought they'd allow volunteers, to make this more interesting.\_

"From District Two, Clove Acantha!" \*\*(Acantha means sharp-pointed, or thorn, in Greek.)\*\*

A picture of a small but dangerous-looking girl appeared, grinning just as sadistically as the Green Man.

"From District Four, Finnick Odair!"

\_A victor?\_ Katniss thought in surprise. \_They're putting in a victor

for these Games?\_

"From District Seven, Johanna Mason!"

\_Another victor?\_

"From District Twelve..." here Effie paused, then added stupidly, "which means us."

Katniss rolled her eyes and glanced over to where Gale stood. He nodded slightly at her and then turned away. She followed his lead.

"We have Gale Hawthorne and Katniss Everdeen!"

**\*\*Read and review, please! BTW, I am looking for a beta for this crossover, so if anyone would like, would you be my beta please? Thanks. :)\*\***

**\*\*Next chapter should describe how everyone gets to the Capitol, and maybe the parade around the City Circle.\*\***

**\*\*And who do you think will win this Hunger Games?\*\***

## 2. Chapter 2: Learning

**\*\*A Small Probability\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 2: Learning\*\***

**\*\* This whole chapter is in the Capitol building.\*\***

Obi-Wan snapped into awareness. \_Where am I?\_ he thought, rolling out of the bed he was lying on and reaching for his lightsaber.

His hand felt empty air where his weapon should have been.

\_Oh, no.\_ A sinking feeling rose in his chest. If his lightsaber wasn't on his utility belt, where could it possibly be?

Desperately, he reached into the pocket of his cloak.

He wore no cloak.

Obi-Wan patted himself down. No cloak, no tunic- just pants and a shirt, like a regular civilian.

\_Thank goodness I'm not naked.\_

And then he made a terrible discovery.

\_Where's my Padawan braid?\_

OooOooO

Anakin could feel two Force-sensitives on the same floor of the building he was on. There were three more on the floor below. The ones on the same floor were vastly different- one was awake, alert, and distressed (but had a presence that suggested he or she was

usually calm). The other obviously never bothered to hide his or her emotions, but was currently asleep.

He wasn't stupid. He decided to look for the one that was awake and have him or her explain why he was dressed like a civilian.

And why he lacked his lightsaber and Padawan braid.

Man, Master Obi-Wan was going to kill him when he found out about his lightsaber. He'd lost it twice this month already.

Anakin walked out the door and turned down the hallway, glancing at the wall of glass briefly.

\_Wait, wall of glass?\_ he thought, surprised, doing a double take.

\_Oh, wait, no, it's a window.\_

He ran over to the window and pressed his hands against it, peering downwards.

His viewpoint was from a high level, about ten stories up. The surrounding streets were filled with humans moving in different directions.

His mouth dropped open.

They were weird humans. They had tattoos and all sorts of hair and skin colors, almost giving off the impression of the Coruscanti Zoo.

Except they weren't animals.

He just stared at them anyways, watching the rainbow of colors and tattoos, completely forgetting his previous mission.

OooOooO

Obi-Wan crept out of his room, walking silently across the floor. His muscles were tight and tense as he moved closer and closer to the source of energy in the Force.

He peeked around the corner.

Pressed against a glass window stood a boy, the same age as he was, staring down into the streets.

The boy turned around sharply, and Obi-Wan pulled his head back.

"Master Obi-Wan?" A voice, presumably the boy's, asked.

That took him off guard completely. \_I'm no one's Master,\_ he thought, and slammed rudimentary shields around his mind.

He peeked out again, and his gaze immediately locked with the boy's piercing blue eyes.

\_Well, now I have to step out.\_

Obi-Wan cautiously stepped out from behind the wall, still watching the other boy carefully.

"You look so \_young\_" the boy exclaimed, suddenly smiling. "How did you do it, Master?"

"I- I'm only fifteen," he said, confused. "And I'm not your Master."

The boy quieted. "Yes, you are. You're my Master, Obi-Wan Kenobi, and I'm your Padawan, Anakin Skywalker.

And you're thirty-one, and \_I'm\_ the one who's fifteen."

OooOooO

Ahsoka slid down the hallway, quieter than a cat, listening.

"That's not possible."

"Well, it seems to have happened."

The moment those two voices reached her ears, her mouth widened into a smile and she dashed right around the corner.

"Master Kenobi! Skyguy!"

But standing in front of her weren't her Masters.

There were two boys her age.

She skidded to a stop.

"How many times do I have to say that I am \_not\_ a Master? I'm only fifteen," the one dressed in tan grumbled. He had auburn hair, blue-gray eyes, and familiar features...

"Obi-Wan?" she asked hesitantly, pulling at the hem of her dark blue blouse. He looked so young. And he was a little cute.

"How do you know me?" he said instantly, defenses up.

She turned to the other boy. He was dressed all in black, with electric blue eyes and blond hair, just like-

"Anakin," she whispered. "Master."

He gave her this puzzled glance. "I... don't know you. And I'm still a Padawan."

"No," she said. "I'm \_your\_ Padawan. I'm Ahsoka Tano."

OooooO

Dany walked down the hallway, eyes wide and heart thumping.

\_This place doesn't look familiar at all.\_

Where was she?

Then, as an example of true queenliness, she walked right into someone.

"Oomf!"

The two of them stumbled backwards at the same time.

Dany appraised the person she'd crashed into. He was a young man, about her age, with dark hair, a lean build, and gray eyes, dressed in pants and a shirt.

She liked him at once.

"Who are you?" he snapped, leveling her with a fierce gray glare.

She stared back at him with feigned annoyance. "I am Daenerys Targaryen, Mother of Dragons, rightful Queen of Westeros."

\_I will be Queen, no matter what happens. I \_will.

"You're a Targaryen?" he yelled, reaching for something at his belt. "You are an enemy of Westeros!"

Dany watched him fumble around for something at his belt (probably a sword to run her through with), and when he realized it wasn't there, blanch.

"So, who are you?" she asked calmly, having already realized that her captors had stripped her of weapons.

"I... am Jon Snow."

OOOOOO

Jaina stepped out of her room, looking down both sides of the hallway, checking for enemies. Seeing none, she walked out of her room-

A door banged open to her left and she dropped into a ready stance, fingering the place on her belt where her lightsaber should have been.

Jacen stumbled out, half-asleep.

"Hey Jaina," he muttered, running a hand through his hair. "Where are we?"

"I have no clue," she said, grinning at him affectionately.

Another door slowly creaked open, and Jacen immediately stiffened, Jaina dropping into a fighting stance again.

A foot edged out, followed by a leg, a hip, a torso, and-

"Ani!" Jaina exclaimed, leaping forward to hug him.



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**\*\*Okay, so this story is actually pretty much about Game of Thrones, Katniss and Gale, and Star Wars, so you can just assume they all went through the "ohmygoodness where are we? what's gonna happen to us?" routine, okay? Plus, I'm just really lazy.\*\***

Katniss stroked the mockingjay pin thoughtfully, leaning against Gale's shoulder. Just this morning they'd discussed running off together, and now they were together- but away from their families.

And to top it off, it was public.

Haymitch was actually somewhat sober as they watched the reruns of the reapings. Effie, a bright pink beacon, was filing her nails.

These Games were different. Apparently, the tributes that weren't from Panem had only arrived today, and they were all gathering on the first floor to learn about the Games.

Katniss pitied them. They'd been torn from their homes, and now they only just learned about their method of death.

She and Gale at least knew how they were going to die. They were going to try to be in the last five for their families, and if they ended up as the last two, they'd commit suicide.

They'd never said it out loud (boy, wouldn't that spoil the Capitol's fun), but they'd determined it over the years as they hunted. They determined it through quick glances at each other on the train. Brief whispers.

If Gale stuck with her, Katniss knew that they probably wouldn't last until the top five, not with these new tributes plus her disadvantages.

"Time to go," Effie suddenly announced brightly, turning off the television and straightening to her full height in her hot pink heels.

I didn't even know that shade of pink existed, Katniss thought, turning her eyes away from the grisly sight.

0oo0oo0

Honestly, Gale was captivated by the elevator. It was made of glass on all sides, and they could see EVERYTHING! It would actually have been really nice if he wasn't being sent to his death.

He could tell Katniss wanted to ride up and down again, but didn't want to look like a little girl.

Actually, he wanted to ride up and down again too.

The doors opened in front of them and they walked out confidently, accompanied by a slightly drunk man and a flamingo.

Oops, not a flamingo. I mean Effie.

The other twenty-two tributes, backed by their mentors and escorts, stared at him and Katniss as they strode up, sizing them up and determining if they were enemies. The District Two girl smirked, Johanna Mason frowned, and Finnick was trying to get the attention of the other female tributes.

\_Smart move, for kids who just got ripped from their homes. Even the other Panem tributes are trying to intimidate us.\_

"Welcome, District Twelve Tributes," the head trainer says. "My name is Atala, and I will be training you for the Games."

"Games? What games?" a red-skinned girl asked, blue eyes narrowing dangerously.

A blue-eyed, blond-haired boy glared at her, as if telling her to shut up. She glared right back, but you could tell that neither of them were really angry at each other.

The gray-eyed, auburn-haired boy between them gently pushed their faces away from each other and directed them back to Atala.

"Miss Tano, I would appreciate it if you do not interrupt me. But the event you will participate in is called the Hunger Games."

"So it's like a pie-eating competition or something?" a short, sixteen-year-old, mischievous-looking boy asked. "That sounds easy enough."

Behind them, Gale heard Haymitch facepalm.

"No, Mr. Valdez. This is a competition to the death."

There was a shocked silence from about twenty-one tributes.

"Uh... you're joking, right?" A pretty girl with brown hair and unusual eyes asked from next to Valdez.

"No, I am not, Miss McLean. You will fight to the death in our arena."

The same twenty-one tributes looked at each other, grasping hands or moving closer to each other.

"So we all die?" Tano asked, her voice scared.

The boy next to her squeezed her shoulders, gray eyes worried.

"Not all of you," Atala assured her.

"Just one of you."

### 3. Chapter 3: Costumes

**\*\*Chapter 3: Costumes\*\***

**\*\* Hey, everyone! I'm back! In the last chapter, when Atala says 'Just one of you' I meant 'Just one of you gets to live'.\*\***

Obi-Wan, only wearing a thin robe, was herded into a room by his "prep team" (that's what they called themselves), Anakin and Ahsoka following with their respective teams.

"Stay here!" a woman with an unusually high-pitched voice (from Ahsoka's team, luckily- Obi-Wan would never be able to put up with that) in a dress covered with bright lights squeaked. "Your stylists will soon be here!"

All nine people left in a stream of bright colors, and Obi-Wan turned to his acquaintances (what else can you call two people your age that claim to be part of your future Master-Padawan line?) and sighed, rubbing his eyes. "Those lights kill."  
>Anakin and Ahsoka looked surprised but laughed uneasily.<p>

The Togruta girl looked around the room nervously and then whispered, "Are they really serious about killing us off?"

"I think so," Anakin replied. "I think we'll really have to fight for our lives."

"So only one of us will survive? But we don't know anything about anybody else. We don't know if we have the advantage or not."

"Maybe that's the best part of the game," Obi-Wan said thoughtfully, leaning against the counter.

"That's just sadistic," Ahsoka said, voice cracking, and as a tear threatened to slip past her eyelid, she wiped furiously at it.

"I'm sorry," Obi-Wan apologized, putting his hand on her back.

"No, it's okay. But one thing I want to know- why are we covered in makeup?"

That was a good question. For some reason, they all had some type of black pencil-powder-thing applied around the edges of their eyes, making them seem larger. And maybe it was just Obi-Wan's imagination, but the prep team seemed to have applied lipstick to his fellow Jedi too.

Anakin cocked his head to one side, thinking. "They're probably dressing us up before they throw us into the- what did they call it?"

"Arena," Ahsoka supplied. Then her face took on a puzzled look. "If we're wearing makeup, wouldn't it wash off eventually? They can't keep reapplying it."

"Who knows?" Obi-Wan shrugged. "This place is weird."

"Isn't that an understatement," his fellow human muttered.

Just then, the door banged open, and then three-

He squinted.

There were three neon-colored Nautolans or something in front of them, bombarding them with hugs and kisses.

No. They weren't were peacocks. No, Ongrees. No, Twi'leks.

Oh, no. Not any of those. They were humans with neon skin, neon clothes, neon eyelashes, and were those neon \_eyes\_?

"HELLO, HELLO, MY DEARS!" the one dressed in pink yelled. Obi-Wan watched Anakin and Ahsoka tentatively reach for their ears. \_Geez, they'll never be good negotiators.\_

"Hello, ma'am," he said politely.

"OH, AREN'T YOU A POLITE ONE NOW? OBI-WAN, IS IT? YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR."

"Thank you, ma'am. Are you our- um-"

"YES, I'M THE STYLIST FOR YOUR GROUP. THESE ARE MY ASSISTANTS."

The woman then proceeded to lift three hangers from a cart she'd brought in.

"OKAY, THIS ONE'S YOURS, OBI-WAN, DEAR. HERE YOU GO, ANAKIN, SWEETHEART. WHY ARE YOU COVERING YOUR EARS, AHSOKA, CHILD?"

Obi-Wan sent a quick glare at his companions and lifted the cover from the hanger to reveal-

A gold skirt with blue and green embroidery.

He glanced over at Ahsoka and Anakin- his fellow human had the same thing as he did, but Ahsoka had a white dress with billowy sleeves and similar embroidery.

"DO YOU LIKE THEM?" the woman yelled happily. "YOUR THEME IS THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS! HERE ARE YOUR ACCESSORIES!"

The assistants proceeded to give all of them a pair of sandals and necklaces, and a little silver circlet for Ahsoka to wear on top of her akul tooth headdress.

"Ummm... ma'am?" Anakin asked nervously.

"YES, SWEETHEART?"

"Obi-Wan and I don't have shirts."

"BUT THAT'S THE POINT, SWEETHEART!"

Obi-Wan nodded and smiled, pretending to understand completely. Noting his companions' confused looks, he turned and shot them his death glare.

They put on some fake smiles. Which the stylist and assistants proceeded to believe were real.

OooOooO

Ahsoka glanced at herself in the mirror. She didn't look that bad, actually.

Neither did Skyguy or Obi-Wan. While the latter seemed almost unfazed by the fact that he didn't get to wear a shirt, Anakin was trying to cover himself up.

She giggled.

"What?" Anakin asked, holding the thin robe he'd been wearing before over himself.

"You look so stupid," Obi-Wan and Ahsoka said in unison.

"Put that down already," Obi-Wan continued in a familiar scolding voice. "Honestly, Anakin, you'll have to go out like that in front of a crowd of several thousand people, so why try to preserve your modesty in front of two?"

Skyguy sheepishly put the robe down and crossed his arms over his chest like Obi-Wan.

"So how are we going to get around?" Ahsoka asked.

The not-very-soon-to-be Master Kenobi sighed. "Ah\_so\_ka. Am I the only paying attention here?"

She snickered. "In the future, yeah. While me and Skyguy do what we like, you're cleaning up our messes."

"Ah\_soooo\_kaaa," he repeated, shaking his head. "If you'd been listening, you would've figured out that we're riding in a chariot. Sadly, according to the stylists it only fits two."

"Wait..." Anakin said, trying to connect the dots, "there are three of us."

"How brilliant you are, Skyguy."

"So how are we all going to fit?"

They thought about it for a few minutes, leaving the room in silence.

"Hey, I have an idea!" Anakin exclaimed, turning to Ahsoka. "How about you sit on our shoulders?"

She glanced at Obi-Wan, who had his thinking face on. "That's a good suggestion, Anakin. Only problem is, what if we get tired?"

"Then we'll just use the Force."

"Can we?" Ahsoka asked.

"Easy way to try," Anakin shrugged, waving his hand at her.

She was lifted into the air immediately. "Put me down!" she shrieked, surprised.

"Well, I guess we can use the Force," Obi-Wan said, grinning up at her.

Dany patted down the soft lavender material of her dress and smiled at herself in the mirror. It had an open back and thin straps in front, cascading down to her feet. On her head her "stylist" had placed a thin silver circlet with tiny little wolf-shaped things that glowed a gentle whitish light.

"So, Miss Targaryen-\_sss\_?" the stylist asked her now, his voice coming out like a snake's. In fact, her stylist was dressed completely like a snake- snakeskin clothes, boots, and a bald head with dyed green skin. The resemblance was uncanny.

"I like it," she said. "Thank you, sir."

"Good-\_sssss\_, good-\_sssss\_," the man rasped. "Let's go, Missss, and meet your partner-\_sss\_."

\_Jon.\_ He could be quiet and thoughtful, like he'd been the other night when they'd learned of their method of death, or he could be outspoken, like this morning when he had to go to the "Remake Center". Well, no one liked getting their hair pulled out. Or having to stand naked in front of someone from the opposite sex.

The two of them met in the middle of the hallway. Jon was dressed in a black pair of pants, a white shirt and black jacket, and a strange dark purple piece of cloth hanging from his neck. Like her, he had a circlet with the glowing lights, but they were in the form of her dragons. "Sir Snow," she said, curtsying.

"Lady Targaryen," he answered, offering her his arm.

They glided down the hallway together, followed by their teams, who practically shoved them into the glass-walled box.

The two of them stumbled out not-so-gracefully into a large, spacious room and directly next to a chariot with two horses- one black, one white. The chariot itself had an open back and was decorated with swirls of gray and purple curling into dragons and direwolves.

"All right-\_sss\_, here you are. Mingle with the other tribute-\_sss\_, and when someone tells you to get back to your chariot-\_sss\_, come back here immediately-\_sss\_."

"Of course, sir," Dany answered, and as the styling teams moved away from them, glanced at Jon.

"Whom do you want to talk to first?" she asked softly.

He was looking at a trio of teenagers brightly painted red, blue, and yellow- at least, that was what Dany saw before she looked away, her retinas burning.

"Let's not start with them, then," Jon said, laughing at her reaction.

She nodded eagerly and pointed to a girl, approximately sixteen, and an eighteen-year-old boy talking next to their black chariot.

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**\*\*Okay, so originally I planned to write about all the costumes, but I guess it's not happening... yet. :) \*\***

**\*\*And Guest? I'm gonna need your email... if you really want to beta me.\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4: Um hi?

**\*\*Chapter 4: Um... Hi?\*\***

**\*\*Hi. Author's note is at the end.\*\***

Katniss leaned on the chariot with Gale, watching two tributes approach them. She didn't know their names, but their costumes were impressive.

The girl's side braid bobbed slightly as she curtsied to them, delicately lifting the edges of her lavender skirt. "Hello. I am Daenerys Targaryen."

\_So this is the competition? She's unusual. \_Daenerys' hair was a blond verging on white, and her eyes positively glowed purple. She seemed strong-willed but delicate at the same time- it was hard for Katniss to categorize her now, seeing the girl in all her glory, unlike when she'd first seen her picture.

The boy holding her arm bowed. "And I am Jon Snow."

He was easier to archetype. Snow would be an important opponent to defeat.

\_So formal\_, Katniss thought, glancing at Gale, who seemed to be sharing her thoughts.

She nodded to them and said, "I'm Katniss Everdeen."

"I'm Gale Hawthorne," her friend said casually, leaning back against the chariot.

The four of them stood in an awkward silence for a while, and then Jon tugged Daenerys along with him to another chariot.

"Look at the eye-burning kids," Gale snorted suddenly.

"We'll be burning too," Katniss pointed out.

"Oh, come on. Our stylists said the flame's fake."

"I don't believe that."

"Just look at the kids."

So she turned her head and stared at the trio of blue, red, and yellow teenagers. "What are they supposed to be?"

"Some type of weird monkey."

"Like a Capitol version of a monkey?" After all, the monkey that inspired \_that \_costume could only have come from the Capitol. Or a

circus.

Irony. Circus monkeys ready to die.

**\*\*ahsokatanoanakin Skywalkerobi-wan Kenobi\*\***

Ahsoka patted down her dress nervously, watching the trio of teenagers approach.

"Are they dressed up as woolamanders?" **\*\*(A/N: a type of monkey on Yavin 4)\*\*** Anakin asked, squinting.

Obi-Wan's eyes didn't seem to be faring much better. "Yes... I think... But then again I've never actually been to Yavin 4."

"If there are a lot of those, I don't think I'll ever go there," his fellow human muttered.

The teenager leading the triangle, a boy a few years younger than Ahsoka was, grinned at them. "Hey. I'm Jacen Solo."

"Good to meet you," Obi-Wan said calmly. "I'm Obi-Wan Kenobi- this is Anakin Skywalker- and that's Ahsoka Tano."

The teens glanced at each other, almost as if-

Almost as if they knew who they were.

"I'm sorry," the only girl said, giving Obi-Wan this look, "But you're not going to fool us."

Ahsoka glared at her. "Who said we were joking?"

"Obi-Wan Kenobi's dead. Anakin Skywalker's dead. I don't even know who you are," Jacen said incredulously. "Besides, you two-" here he pointed at the humans- "look to be the same age, but you're sixteen years apart."

"Um... we're obviously not dead," Anakin pointed out rather tactfully.

"Because you guys are impostors," the last teen snorted. "You're so fake it's not even funny."

Okay, that last comment was nasty, and Ahsoka wasn't just going to stand there and let her Masters take that crap from him- she knew they were real, even if she had no idea how that worked. She snarled, making sure to bare her teeth, "Who are you anyways?"

The boy took a step back, holding his hands- painted a bright sky blue- up in surrender. "I'm Anakin Solo. And the reason I know that they're-" a nod to her Masters, again- "impostors is because Skywalker there is my namesake. Our grandfather."

Ahsoka's scowl was wiped off her face as she shared a glance with Obi-Wan and Anakin.

Then they burst out laughing.



**\*\*anakin solo jaina solo jacen solo\*\***

Jaina was confused. They'd told the truth, and now the impostors were laughing at them? She shook her head, trying to clear it, and asked, "How is that funny?"

The Togruta- Ahsoka, that was her name- paused in her laughter and gasped, "Isn't it obvious? No one in the Order is allowed to marry! Or have children! This is hilarious!"

"Haven't you ever loved someone, though?" Jacen asked.

The three teens' posture snapped into ridiculously straight lines, and all three backed up to their white and gold chariot.

"Excuse you," the human claiming to be the one and only Obi-Wan Kenobi snapped, a far cry from the patient, old man Uncle Luke practically worshipped. "That's a rather personal question you just asked, in case you didn't notice."

Wow. They even act like real Jedi of the Old Order, Jaina thought, tilting her head to one side and reaching out to the Force.

The Force was angry. Not calm, but small swirls of anger were radiating out from the three impostors towards Jacen. So they were at least Force-sensitives; she had to give them credit for that, at least. Most impostors would just be pulled out for their physical similarities. Still, the Force warned her of something... deeper. That was all she could say, really.

"Let's leave," she said quietly, and pulled her brothers along towards another chariot.

**\*\*johanna mason finn nick odair\*\***

"So, what do you think about our imminent deaths?" Finnick asked casually, fiddling with a flower on the string draped around his neck.

The two of them were covered in flowers. Like, all they had on were the basics and the rest was flowers draped everywhere- stuck in their hair, wound around their arms, etc, etc.

Johanna snorted. "I think we can beat everyone else. Again."

"You mean just you."

"Maybe you too. Who knows?"

"Never underestimate a pretty boy," her fellow victor joked, sending her a smile that he probably deemed "sexy" but that she thought made him look constipated.

"You're not pretty, Finnick," she sighed.

"Offended!" he exclaimed jokingly, placing his hand on his chest and nearly crushing two flowers.

Johanna rolled her eyes again. "But seriously, though, Finnick, I

think we could make it to the final two if we tried."

"And then what would we do?"

"You'd kill me so you could go back to Annie."

"Oh, come on, admit it, you'd try to kill me first."

She paused for a second, debating whether to be herself or lie. It was pretty easy, based on her years of cynicism following her own Games. "Yeah, I would."

"There's the Johanna we all know and love."

A gentle clinking noise sounded from behind, and the two of them turned at exactly the same time in exactly the same direction to face a lone teenager, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and rather short-they both had to look down slightly at her. She wore a black dress- it was made of separate pieces shaped like knives. The pieces seemed to be made of metal or aluminum or \_something\_ that clinked every time the girl moved.

Knives? Oh, great. This was a Career, and however small she was, she was deadly. Just another obstacle in the competition.

"Watch out," the girl said, smirking at them. "You might be victors, but you're not going home again. Not with me around."

They watched her walk away.

"Let's take her out first," they said at the exact same time.

\*\*Ahh... I'm moving so slowly. I'm sorry, I'm not getting a lot of computer access :( But I will try to get this moving a little faster. Anyone like my new line breaks? :P Anyways, about Anakin... hmm, all of you like him, so MAYBE he'll survive. You will see.\*\*

End  
file.